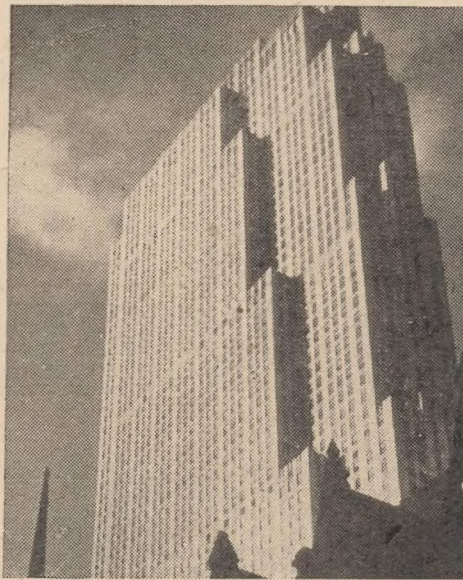


# Good Morning 223

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

**YOU  
NEED  
LIFTS  
HERE**



**A STRIKE** of lift operators in the 65-storey Rockefeller Centre recently paralysed life in the great New York skyscraper. The stoppage of the 199 lifts "grounded" many thousands who daily travel hundreds of feet up to their work.

If buses and trains stop, you can walk or cycle. But when the lifts stop in a skyscraper—well, few have the energy of one director who climbed 660 steps to his office on the 44th floor in 15 minutes!

There have been lift strikes in New York before. One in 1936 saw hundreds "marooned" anything from 500 to 1,000 steps from their homes and offices.

Only when a strike occurs does the rest of the world realise how much New York depends upon vertical transport in its elevators.

Perhaps the most striking figure was given in 1937, when a lift attendant in a big hotel completed 35 years' service. He had travelled 400,000 miles up and down. A few more trips and he would have completed the equivalent of a journey to the moon and back!

There are 5,000 buildings in New York with more than 20 storeys, and 300 with more than 30 storeys. Life in them would be impossible without lifts.

Lifts grew up with the skyscraper. There were none before 1850, when Waterman made the first crude hoist working on a rope between two floors. Elisha Otis, in 1854, devised the first safety device to prevent the lift from falling if the rope broke.

Since then all the inventions have been directed towards greater speed, greater safety, and more automatic operation. **SKY'S THE LIMIT.**

The first passenger lift, in 1857, travelling three storeys, created a sensation.

The pessimists foretold fearful disasters. Not until the '90s, when steel-framed buildings began to go up, did the lift really develop. Then improvements came rapidly.

The invention of gearless electric traction in 1904 made speed and height virtually unlimited and gave the "all clear" for skyscrapers of any height.

Elevators to-day are largely automatic. Starting and stopping, accelerating and slowing, opening and closing of doors, signalling in entrances and in the car, is done by a mechanical "brain," the selector.

Whatever the load, the selector levels off the lift exactly, and "Mind the step" is heard only in old-type buildings.

Most lifts are fitted with "electric eyes" across the doorway, so that it is impossible for the door to close while a passenger is getting in.

Statistics over years show that only one person in 243,000,000 passengers is killed in a lift accident.

New York City has 1,700 miles of "vertical highway." The elevators in the Empire State Building alone total ten miles. It is estimated that 4,000,000 people a day make use of the lifts, which require the services of 75,000 operators.

The maximum speed of the fastest lifts is 2,000 feet a minute—a good rate of climb for an aircraft. But this is never used; 1,000 feet a minute is fast enough for passengers, and goods lifts are set at about 100 feet a minute.

The lifts at Radio City cost about £750,000 to instal. The electric cable used was 25,000 miles, and the 155 cars carry 200,000 passengers a day, covering nearly 2,000 miles up and down!

CURTISS HAMILTON.

All nations were allowed to use the Panama canal on the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, named after John Hay, the American statesman, and Lord Pauncefote, British Ambassador at Washington.

Richard Halliburton was permitted to swim through the canal if he paid tonnage due which, on his weight, amounted to 9d. For purposes of the swim he called himself the "S.S. Halliburton."

The perfect cure for indigestion has been found by a starfish. This sea cucumber, as he is named, vomits up his stomach and grows a fresh one.

The mortar used to build the great Charles Bridge at Prague in the 14th century was mixed with millions of fresh eggs.

*IS Newcombe's*  
**Short odd—But true**

Nero was an expert player of the bagpipes, and maybe it was from the bagpipes he coaxed a tune while Rome burnt. He didn't play the fiddle, for the fiddle hadn't been invented.

Colour-blind people are not blind to all colour, but they cannot readily distinguish between certain colours, particularly red and green.

It is not generally known among civilians that U-boat is derived from the German Unterseeboot—that is, under-sea-boat.

# ROBOTS IN NEW WORLD

**HAVING** mechanised the military, robot fever began to work overtime on civilians. For years we have put some ten million pennies into phone meters daily, bought machine-supplied sweets, matches, cigarettes. A good deal of some people's entertainment is derived from placing pennies in slots. So the machine-mongers are finding it relatively easy to extend the money-in-the-slot habit to scores of other customs and commodities.

You can get a mechanical shoe-shine, till lately buy towels, handkerchiefs, electric lamps, chemist's supplies, from automatic salesmen. You can even eat a meal from a machine if you want to. But consider what's coming—and soon.

There are signs that sedate city councils are smitten with the robot rage. Several, with eyes wide open to the future, are toying with the idea of parking-meters for motor-cars, to prevent at least one of the traffic mess-ups of the past. If they come, you will have to put 6d. in the slot for a half-hour's wait, and if you want more, return for another sixpenn'orth, or risk a summons for obstruction.

The idea hails from the U.S.A. Machinery orders half the lives of Americans. Motorists seem specially happy about it; it saves so much jumping in and out of one's car. In one State motorists buy a large range of merchandise from machines sited so conveniently at the kerbside that business can be transacted through the car's open window. If you prefer the shops you have only to sign to an alert salesman, who will trot in and out with your orders, eager enough to compete with his dumb but formidable kerbside competitors.

Motorists' letter-boxes are

on the way, too. Just drive up, slide down the window, drop in your letters. By pressing a button and pushing a telegram through a slot you will be able to send a cable to anywhere in the world. Western Union already have one in operation. The accepted form rolls itself round a cylinder, which revolves before a photo cell. The message is then flashed to the nearest telegraph office, and the rest is normal routine.

We may, in fact, expect some surprising developments in the use of the photo-electric cell. Already this marvel of ingenuity is at work opening and closing doors, frustrating burglaries, operating traffic lights. Experiments have been made with a p.e. lamp which, installed at the entrance door of a cinema, not only opens the door at the approach of a patron, but counts people as they enter. The ray from a second lamp records the numbers leaving. The idea is that the two totals, automatically signalled to the booking office, would obviate the need for attendants to dash to and fro reporting vacated seats.

A novel slot-robot which in good time is to appear in cafes, hotels and tea shops offers a happy answer to gramophone makers who may be nervous of what radio may some day do to them. Your meal is incomplete without music, so you ask the waiter to bring you the portable "radio station" with the menu card. You then drop

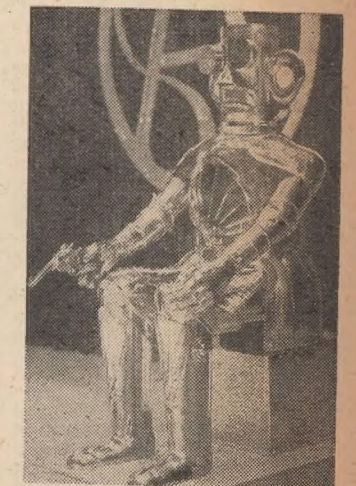
a coin down the chute. As the coin falls it sets in motion the broadcasting apparatus, which, working on two small batteries, transmits a short-wave impulse to the gramophone. Picked up by a light aerial, the wave is conducted to a tiny receiving set inside the cabinet, which promptly dispenses the melody of your choice.

New the slot machine certainly is, but the very newest are more than ever uncanny in their precision. They have to be. In the penny machine the coin travels down a channel the exact width and thickness of an unworn penny. Bent or battered coins are at once rejected, or the robot would be put out of action. The Underground Railway's change-giving automats subject every coin to nine separate tests before it is finally accepted. Yet something like 100,000,000 tickets are issued by machines in one year. Despite their uncanny efficiency, even the most modern of slot machines are still exploited by thieving specialists with coins counterfeited by metal discs of correct size and weight. Machine owners are continually robbed of large sums, and improvements are constantly being added to make thieving more difficult.

You've probably had the experience of inserting a sixpence or shilling in a cigarette machine and having it rejected. Sometimes the machine, having rejected your money, also declines to return it. No amount of frenzied thumping has the slightest effect. You depart, swearing vengeance on the author of such faithless contraptions. A second person has the same experience; perhaps a third. Then, when the coast is clear, a furtive figure appears from a dark doorway, removes a small plug of paper from the returned-coin shaft, and departs with the spoils.

Dozens of firms make slot machines, but pioneer of the business was Percy Harper,

Martin  
Thornhill  
reviews our  
"press button  
future"



head of the firm that makes over half the silent cigarette salesmen in Great Britain. Percy Harper has claimed that his robots, at any rate, are virtually thief-proof. Not so long ago Harper was sweeping floors in a multiple store. Without capital, he developed his brain-wave of an almost fool-proof, cheat-proof automatic machine. In a few years output from his factories exceeded 300,000 robots, his income from which was estimated at some £100,000 a year.

Something new is always coming out of Hollywood. James Roosevelt, eldest son of the President, who is a vice-president of Samuel Goldwyn, Inc., spoke of producing penny-in-the-slot films for automatic projection in bars and public places.

Perhaps it is in the sphere of surgery that "robotism" will eventually prove most useful of all. Already there is a medical camera, operated by a tiny flash bulb of 20,000 candle-power, which will take sixteen simultaneous exposures of the inside of a patient's stomach. Joined together, these form a composite picture of the whole interior. The entire unit is scarcely larger than a pea.

What next, indeed? In the interests of labour-saving, a form of mechanisation is invading the happy home. Have you seen the latest kitchen—factory of the home—that is framed with fittings like a motor-car chassis? There are fitted robots to open tins, shell peas, peel potatoes. Compressed-air machines blow grit and dust from cabbage and spinach. A pulveriser reduces solid refuse to a state in which it can run down the drain like water.

In fact, the whole idea in the new-world kitchen is to build it literally round the cook, who will simply sit on a revolving chair in the middle, within easy reach of all her or his gadgets. Then, when the labour-free day is over, all that will remain to be done is to hose down the rubber-covered floor, swirling peelings and refuse into a sink at floor-level, whence it will disappear into a large sieve-can outside.

In the kitchens of big camps and institutions there are machines that do nearly everything—steam-cook, mix, peel potatoes, wash dishes, cut and butter slices of bread at close on 100 a minute. It is not a long step to thermal radio control of these kitchen robots, with resulting increased speed, labour-saving and efficiency.

And what can be done in big kitchens is possible, in time, in the small ones. And if in the kitchen, why not throughout the home—heating, washing, drying, sewing...?

It will all come—in the future.

## P.O. TEL. TOM CLARKE— VALERIE'S GOT

**THERE** used only to be one member of the Clarke family who could twitch his nose at will. Now, however, there are two; Miss Valerie Clarke can do it now, too!

Is that news for you, Petty Officer Telegraphist Tom Clarke? No need for us to tell you your daughter is growing into a very cute miss; just look at those big, round eyes. They are the same colour as those of your wife.

Still being personal, we also have to tell you that you have your wife's permission to grow a beard. In fact, she thinks it is quite a good idea—as long as you shave it off before you come home!

Family gatherings at St. Aubyn's Crescent are everyday occurrences now. She finds it comforting to have your parents come round for tea and a chat, and most of her evenings are spent at her mother's home.

All the folks at home are well, Tom, and all looking forward to seeing you again. In particular, your wife is looking forward to the good time you always have together at the Fishergate Inn and the Brighton Hippodrome.

We hope you have some more of those good times soon. Though our guess is that your boys will be varied next leave by pram-pushing sessions.

Greetings to you come from friends and neighbours in Sussex, and much love from home.





# A cry of sheer Terror

ALTHOUGH it was getting on for midnight, Merrow was in no mood for bed. He felt restless.

"I'll lock up, Stephen," he said. "I want a breath of air before I turn in."

"Very well, Mr. Merrow," Stephen responded. "There's only the front door to see to."

Merrow went to the porch with the idea of sitting there for a quarter of an hour. But the night took hold of him. It was still, warm and soft as velvet, with just a touch of mist in the air that turned the full moon to a ball of gold. Hatless, he strolled slowly along Priory Lane, entranced by the beauty of the night.

Then, of a sudden, a shrill cry came from the woods—a human cry of unmistakable terror.

Merrow's skin felt cold and tingling. He tried to persuade himself that it was but the call of some marauding animal. But it came again, a wail that died in a choking gasp, and before he realised it he was running along a narrow path between growing wheat that seemed to lead

towards the place from which that wail had come.

The path wound towards the woods. A couple of hundred yards on he saw a building ahead, a tiny cottage with smoke rising lazily from its chimney. But there was no light in the windows, no other sign of life. The gate to a ragged garden was open, and he ran through calling "Hallo there! What's the matter?"

Then at the door a man rushed roughly by him, pushing him aside. Before he could recover his balance he saw the fellow dash through the gate and turn for the woods. The noisy cackling of pheasants broke out, and Merrow was about to start in pursuit when another noise came to his ears.

Within the cottage someone was groaning.

Merrow pushed in. His first impression was of an inert body prone on the floor, faintly lighted by the glow of a wood fire.

He spoke instinctively. "What's the matter? Are you hurt?"

The body moved. Then a voice which he recognised as Jim Bailey's answered, "What do you want?" and the man painfully began to pick himself up.

Merrow ignored the question. "Who was that man who ran out of here just now?" he demanded.

"Man?" the fellow answered dully. "There weren't no man."

"Don't be a fool, Bailey; I saw him," Merrow spoke sharply.

But Bailey started some answer, but broke off with a groan and swayed. Merrow caught him by his arm and helped him to a chair.

"Sit down there, man, while I get a light," he said.

In the firelight he saw a lamp on the table. Clearly it had but recently been extinguished, for it was still warm. He lit it. And then he saw that, drunk or sober, Bailey had come by a nasty looking injury. Blood was oozing from a gash over his temple. His lank hair was wet with it already, and it was seeping down his face.

Merrow huddled in dazed fashion in his chair. Merrow was worried. This meant that he would have to get a doctor. But first he managed to wash Bailey's wound and fix up a makeshift bandage.

|   |   |   |   |   |   |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| T | A | Y | L | O | R |
| G | R | A | B | L | E |
| L | A | M | O | U | R |
| C | R | O | S | B | Y |
| T | U | R | N | E | R |
| B | O | G | A | R | T |

Solution to Film Star Puzzle in No. 222.

The man never spoke while Merrow was tending him; never offered a word of thanks nor of explanation, but when he had finished he blurted out, "I hit me head against a tree."

"Hit your head against a tree be damned!" Merrow said impatiently. "You were fighting and someone hit you. Who was it—that fellow Syd Burridge?"

"I ain't seen Syd Burridge. I hit me head against a tree," Bailey repeated stubbornly.

## The Lady in Number Four

By Richard Keverne  
PART VI

Bailey's persistence puzzled Merrow. He seemed sober. He wondered if he had lost his memory as the result of his injury.

"No, no, Bailey," he said. "As I came in at the gate a man ran out and nearly knocked me down. It was he who must have hit you. Who was he?"

"Man? There weren't no man here except you. If any man hit me it was you," Bailey answered. "Who are you anyhow, and what are you doing here? I hit me head against a tree, I tell you."

Merrow swore irritably. The fellow was maddening. "Tree or no tree, you've had a serious blow, and I'm going to get a doctor to you," he said after a moment.

"I don't want no doctor. I can look after myself. What's it got to do with you?"

Merrow shrugged his shoulders. He was beginning to wonder if he were not wasting his sympathy.

Bailey half opened his eyes and regarded Merrow defiantly for a few moments. Then of a sudden the fellow's manner changed.

"I know you," he said slowly. "You're the new guv'nor up at the 'Black Boy'."

"Yes, I'm the new owner. Now, come on, Bailey; we'll soon have you fixed up again."

"I hit me head against a tree."

"Yes, yes, so you told me; and I'm going to get Doctor Fenn to have a look at you."

Bailey hesitated for a couple of seconds, then submitted.

"All right; thank you, sir," he said, and allowed himself to

be helped up into his frowsy bedroom.

"Now, you stay quietly there till I come back," Merrow said.

He reached the road, and barely a hundred yards on his way he saw a bicycle's light approaching. A few moments later he recognised the voice of Hawes, the local constable.

Merrow said, "By gad, Hawes, I'm glad you've come along. Look here—" And he told him of what had happened.

The constable was interested, though he laughed. "Oh, little Jimmie Bailey, is it? He's a regular nuisance and no mistake. But you reckon he's really seriously hurt?"

"I'm afraid so. But you're a First Aid man, I suppose; you'd better have a look at him."

"I'll have a look at him, sir. You think he was fighting, do you?"

"I assumed it, because of the fellow who ran away. Bailey and a man called Burridge were quarrelling in the Tap at the 'Black Boy' this evening. I thought possibly they were continuing their scrap up here. But Bailey denies it and insists that he hit his head against a tree."

Hawes laughed again. "Whatever Jimmie says, you can bet it's a lie," he said. "But you can wash out Syd Burridge; he's been in trouble, too."

"Oh?"

"Come off his bike opposite the church just after half-past ten trying to get out of the way of a car. He's sprained his ankle pretty badly. Syd won't do any running for a week or two. But let's have a look at Jimmie, sir."

They had walked back to the gate. Hawes left his bicycle just inside and they went along the path together.

"I don't know whether you know it, sir," the constable went on, "but Jim Bailey's a funny little chap. I wouldn't like to put a name to who it was ran out, but I wouldn't be surprised if it wasn't some chap who'd set some snares and Jimmie got there first."

"You mean Bailey robbed some other man's snares and got caught, and that was what the row was about?"

"Something like that."

Once more Merrow went through the rickety gate. Then he stopped.

"Funny thing; he's put the lamp out," he said.

Hawes switched on his torch. "You left it burning?" he asked.

"Yes—and by gad, he's locked the door."

The constable tried it and agreed.

"That's funny," he said. "We'll have a look round the back."

## QUIZ for today

1. A tocsin is a poison, plant, fungus, alarm bell, turban, fruit?
2. Who wrote (a) The Prince and the Pauper, (b) The Prince?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Athens, Rome, London, Manchester, Berlin, Moscow.
4. What is Scotland Yard's telephone number?
5. Whence does the Bedlington terrier get its name?
6. How many stars are there on the flag of New Zealand?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Servient, Retree, Confluence, Plaint, Misille.
8. What rank in the Navy is equivalent to a Chief Wren?

9. What was the real name of the novelist, Ouida?
10. What is the capital of the Isle of Wight?
11. For what do the initials F.R.C.O. stand?
12. Complete the phrases, (a) Ananias and —, (b) Sodom and —.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 222

1. Bat.
2. (a) Conan Doyle, (b) H. G. Wells.
3. Orion is a constellation; the others are planets.
4. 624b.
5. Sir Christopher Wren.
6. The valley of the Aire, Yorkshire.
7. Picaroon, Moratorium.
8. Senior Sergeant.
9. Charles Lamb.
10. Aylesbury.
11. Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India.
12. (a) Go, (b) Bothered, or Strong.

But the door was locked there, too.

Merrow said, "Hawes, I don't know what the law is, but I'm going to get in somehow."

"That's all right, sir. What about this window? You take my lamp."

Merrow got the window open and climbed in, calling to Bailey as he did so. But there was no answer. Nor was there any sign of the man in either room. The bed was in the same disorder in which he had first found it, but there was no trace of wet or blood on the pillow to suggest that Bailey had lain on it. The fire still burned in the living-room, and the lamp was almost cold.

Merrow inspected both doors. Each had a sturdy lock, which was turned. Bailey, it was clear, despite his injury, had bolted, and he must have gone as soon as Merrow had left him. Merrow climbed out.

The constable was peering in the open window, flashing his

lamp about the untidy room. He interrupted Merrow's gloomy musings.

"You haven't left your hat behind, have you, sir?" he queried.

"No, I wasn't wearing one. Why?"

"I only thought that looked a bit too good for Jimmie," Hawes explained, directing the lamp's beam on a soft brown felt hat beneath the table.

"I never noticed that," Merrow said. "Let's have a look at it." He climbed in once more.

It was indeed quite a good hat, worn, but still shapely. Merrow passed it out to the constable.

"Gentleman's hat," he pronounced it, and turned back the leather band. "Now, I wonder what that's doing there."

"Why, I imagine it belonged to the fellow who was scrapping with Bailey," Merrow said.

"Perhaps you're right, sir. If so, he's lost a good hat. Would you mind putting it back where it came from?"

There was nothing to wait for. The incident had fizzled out, leaving Hugh Merrow feeling flat and foolish. They parted at the road gate.

"I'll let you know if I have any news of Jimmie," the constable said as he mounted his bicycle.

Merrow walked in dejected mood back to the inn. He felt that Bailey's strange disappearance would never be explained.

Yet as he sat at breakfast next morning Eve told him that Mr. Hawes would like a word with him. Merrow hurried into the yard.

"Hullo, Hawes; got some news?" he asked eagerly.

"Not about Jimmie, sir, but I thought I'd let you know. I had a nose-round his cottage when I was coming back about half-past four, and that hat had gone."

(To be continued)



"Sorry, my destination's a secret, but if it's any help the ticket's about so long!"

## CROSSWORD CORNER

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| 10 |    | 11 |    | 12 |    |    |    | 13 |
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|    | 16 |    | 17 |    |    |    | 18 |    |
| 19 |    | 20 |    |    |    | 21 |    |    |
| 22 | 23 | 24 |    |    | 25 |    |    |    |
| 26 |    |    |    | 27 | 28 |    | 29 |    |
| 30 |    |    | 31 |    | 32 |    |    |    |
| 33 |    | 34 |    |    |    |    | 35 | 36 |
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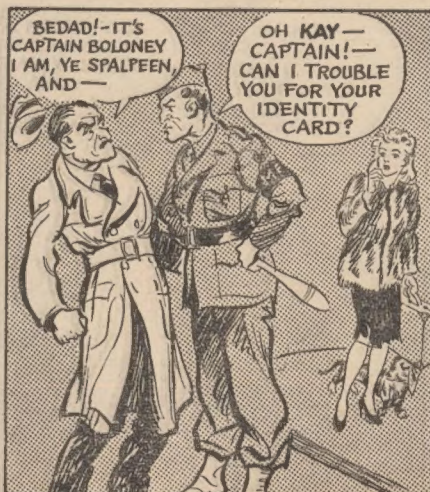
- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Not clear.
  - 2 Wind instrument.
  - 3 Organ of fish.
  - 4 Fossil resin.
  - 5 Deal.
  - 6 Auction item.
  - 7 Coming in.
  - 8 Hindrance.
  - 9 Deprive of force.
  - 10 Less sensible.
  - 11 Rocky hilltop.
  - 12 More unctious.
  - 13 Stop.
  - 14 Boy's name.
  - 15 Be frosty.
  - 16 Islet.
  - 17 In motion.
  - 18 Get weary.
  - 19 Fees.
  - 20 Rank.
  - 21 Tennis service.
  - 22 Pronoun.

- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Hound.
  - 2 Said noisily.
  - 3 In the same book.
  - 4 Went listlessly.
  - 5 Stone pier.
  - 6 Flask.
  - 7 In high spirits.
  - 8 Doubled.
  - 9 Beetle.
  - 10 Spaces of time.
  - 11 Imply.
  - 12 Know.
  - 13 Desolate.
  - 14 Crag.
  - 15 Wrath.
  - 16 Puts in order.
  - 17 Retired.
  - 18 Thanks.
  - 19 Cutting instrument.
  - 20 Moral.
  - 21 Stair-posts.
  - 22 Before.

Solution to Problem in No. 222.

PRESS GAMUT  
O ACHIEVE C  
ARGUE TERSE  
COLDLY NICK  
HUE VOLUTES  
T PEKOE N  
DIVIDES WEB  
UNIT SAFARI  
TESTS BERYL  
C TEAZLED G  
HEADY ELSIE

## JANE







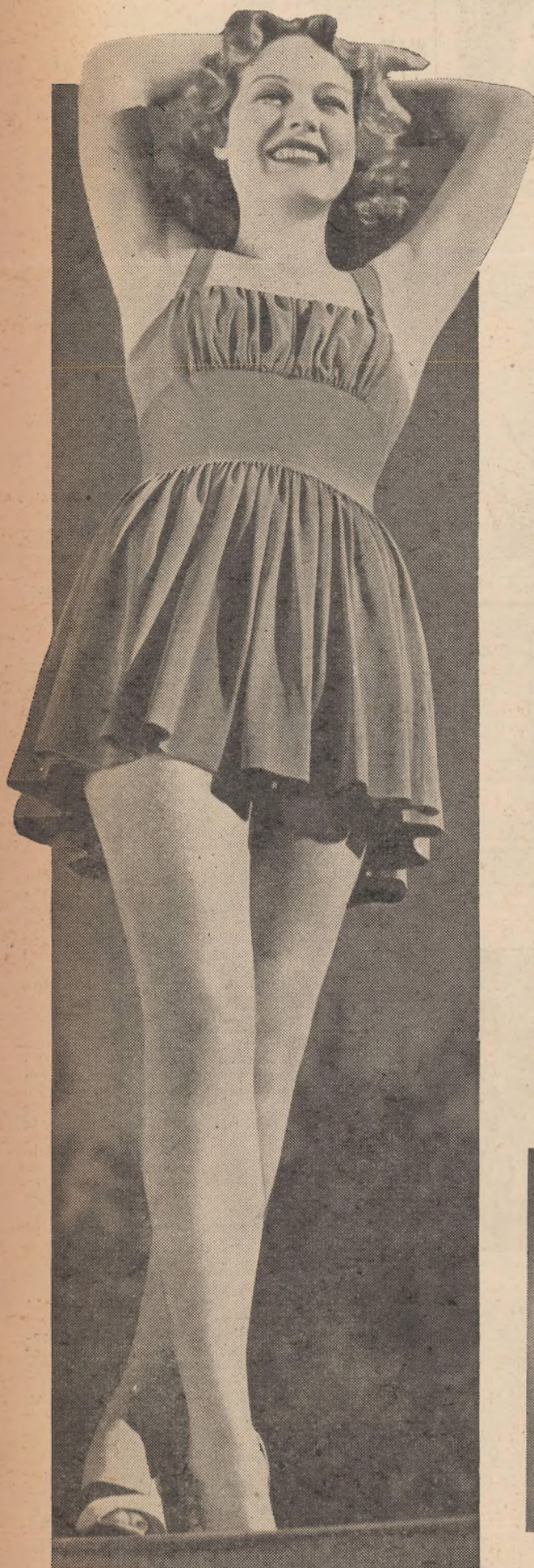


# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

## LUCKY POODLES!

Poodle-eye view of svelt Rita Johnson, M.G.M. star



Aw, Gee! Not a solitary clover in sight

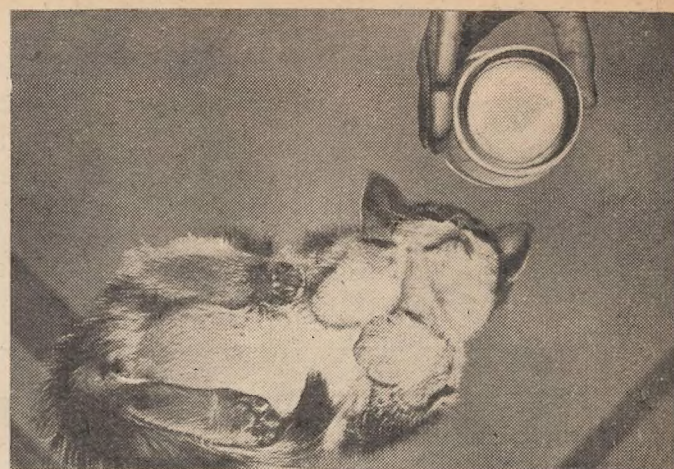
## This Wales

The rugged Nant Ffrancon Pass near Llyn Ogwen



O.K. I know it's a hot day! Why don't you strip, like me?

Tabby on a glass table, is offered her morning milk



She takes it standing up



But—the milk can't!



And (from under the glass table), this was all that was visible of Tabby



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"But I should weep!"

